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WAUKEGAN HAS HIGH FIRE LOSS

Manufacturer's Terminal Loss Will Exceed \$500,000; Many Plants Burned Out

SAILORS PATROL SCENES

Flames of disaster for the third time in a few years, swept through the huge Waukegan Manufacturer's terminal shortly before noon last Friday and ate out its heart.

By two thirty o'clock four large factory buildings had been reduced to blackened ruins and at least four industries swept out of existence.

No lives were lost, but one person was overcome by smoke and heat. He was John Steen, head of the Steen Combination Lock company, and he was overcome fighting the flames that were destroying his factory. Two jockies rescued Eteen, a huge man who was fighting the flames bareheaded and in his shirt-sleeves, and laid him on a grass plot. He was removed to his home by Chief Tyrrell.

The burned industries, as nearly as could be learned were: National Kellastone Co., Mutual Film Co., Oregon Woodware Co., Steen Combination Lock Co., Huge area of space leased by government for war supplies.

The buildings burned in the main were space that was part of the 500,000 square feet leased by the United States government for storing war supplies. Lieut. Gaston, U. S. A., was in charge and the space was being prepared for occupancy, one hundred carpenters being employed at installing new floor and window casings, with other improvements.

The flames started at the east side of the building known as the old table house in the Corn Products days. Here a huge quantity of rubbish had been heaped out of the building until it was about three stories high.

It is believed a spark from a passing engine, alighting in this rubbish heap, or a cigarette butt tossed from a window, set fire to the refuse wood. For a long time there was no evidence of flame and the heap merely smoldered and gave menace of fire. Then there was a burst of flame five or six stories high and within the next few minutes the whole structure was ablaze. Fanned by a gale that twisted and whirled like a cyclone the flames were spread with rapidity of lightning, once they obtained a hold and the vast building became a torch.

Never has such a roaring mountain of flames been seen in that city. The fire drew any in Waukegan's history as a spectacle.

Meanwhile all along the street homes were being emptied of their occupants and furniture. Every window became an outlet for bedding, chairs, cabinets and even children. The street for two blocks north of the terminal was one vast scene of panic, partially mantled by smoke with waves of scorching flames over head.

Fire Marshal Sars O'Farrell drove his auto up Market street toward the heart of the fire. He could see only smoke at the point where he stopped the car, but a second later, as he left, there was a gigantic spurt of flame, and the auto was burned. The same fate was met by the motor of Captain B. S. Mason, Chief of the south side fire department.

Just south of the scene of the fire, which was in the central portion of the terminal, are the Manly Motor Corporation, the Dickerson Foundry Company and the Kitchen Service company, as well as more than twenty other small industries. These vomited forth their workers in a hurry and all, officials and men joined in fighting the flames.

Soon the American Steel and Wire company firemen trotted down the tracks to the scene. Then came the North Chicago fire department, and calls were sent out to every surrounding city.

Great Lakes sent an ambulance, an armed guard of 300 men to surround every foot of the huge terminal, and more than 200 fire fighters. Fire lines were drawn at once on the arrival of the jockies, each in charge of a petty officer, and spectators were barred in fear they might be trapped by falling, crumbling walls.

Late in the afternoon it was announced officially that 500 jockies under command of Lieut. Quitman were on patrol duty alone. They arrived in great motor trucks. At the same time came one truck loaded with large tin pullies, and with these a bucket brigade was organized among the sailors to fight the tiny spurts of flame that every minute menaced new buildings.

Frank Crawford Meets Death at Russell Crossing

Another fatality occurred at the St. Paul railroad crossing at Russell last Friday afternoon, when Frank Crawford of that village drove an automobile straight into an approaching engine.

Crawford who conducts a garage in the village of Russell had been repairing a car belonging to John White and when the owners called for the machine in order to make sure that all was right the mechanic took the car out for a trial before turning it over to the owners. On the trial spin he was accompanied by Mr. White's twelve years old son, Gilbert. They had been up and down the street several times and were driving east along the road toward the railroad crossing. A train was coming up from the south at a high rate of speed and the driver slowed up and waited for it to pass. As it cleared the crossing he started the machine and reached the south bound track just as the south bound train came through. The auto dashed straight into the engine. The car and its occupants were hurled for some distance.

Crawford was picked up unconscious and so serious a nature were his injuries that he was hurried at once to the Kenosha hospital. A portion of his skull was torn away and he was badly cut and bruised as well as suffering from internal injuries. He never regained consciousness and passed away shortly after seven o'clock.

The boy was picked up about fifty feet from the crossing and taken at once to the home of his parents. He too was unconscious for many hours, and at first it was feared that his injuries would also prove fatal, but at the present time he is slowly improving and has a good chance of recovery.

Men who witnessed the accident declare that Crawford, who was a particularly careful driver, must not have heard the train approaching from the north and that he evidently believed that the crossing was clear. The members of the train crew declared that they had sounded the whistle for the crossing but that it was impossible to see Crawford approaching and that the accident could not have been avoided.

The deceased was about thirty-two years of age and was widely known in Russell and the surrounding country. He is survived by a widow and a large number of other relatives and friends.

This is said to be the seventh fatality that has occurred at the Russell crossing and thus the people have come to call it "death crossing."

The funeral was held at Russell Sunday.

Harlie Davis Married to Samuel Mesha, Saturday

Last Saturday afternoon in Chicago, Miss Harlie Davis of this village became the bride of Mr. Samuel E. Mesha of Chicago. The wedding was a very quiet affair no relatives or friends in attendance.

The bride is the youngest daughter of Mrs. Margaret Davis and her entire life has been spent in this vicinity where she has a large circle of friends who extend to her best wishes for a life of happiness, and who did not forget to give the newlyweds a rousing charivari Saturday night.

The happy couple returned to Antioch Saturday evening and remained until Sunday evening when they returned to Chicago and went to housekeeping in the home which Mr. Mesha had in readiness for the reception of his bride.

The News joins with their many friends in extending to them most hearty congratulations.

Village President Makes Appointments

The Village board met in regular session Tuesday evening at which time the following appointments were made by the president, Wm. Christian.

Board of Health—W. J. Christian, Dr. Beebe.

Finance—Oliver Cubbon, Frank Hardin, L. B. Grice.

Streets and Alleys—F. R. King, P. O. Hawkins, O. Cubbon.

Lights and Lighting—W. H. Osmond, P. O. Hawkins, O. Cubbon.

Board of Local Improvements—W. J. Christian, F. R. King, O. Cubbon.

Water Commissioner—W. R. Williams.

Village Trapper—D. B. Sabin.

Fire Marshal—Lew VanPatten.

Collector Special Assessments—Elmer Brook.

Village Marshal—Wm. Gray.

Without Oil.

A tactless man is, in the running of his affairs, like an engineer who runs his locomotive without oil, whether it is through ignorance or just to show what can be done. Both men come to grief before they have gone very far.

ANTIOCH GOES OVER THE TOP EXCEEDS QUOTA BY \$7,200

Antioch's Quota of \$60,800 was Raised and Over-Subscribed \$7,200 Exceeds Expectations

Antioch township has showed its patriotism by its loyal support of the third liberty loan. The quota of the township was \$60,800 and that amount was oversubscribed to the extent of \$7,200.

In the opening days of the campaign we were behind schedule at each checking up and for a time it was feared that we would fall short of our quota, but the last few days told the success of the efforts of the committee, and in the final checking up Saturday afternoon they were elated to learn that "Antioch had gone over the top". And one particularly gratifying feature is that almost the entire amount was subscribed by individuals, the banks taking but a very small share, which proves the willingness of the people to stand by Uncle Sam.

The Boy Scouts succeeded in selling \$4,450 worth of the bonds and three of the boys were fortunate enough to win war service medals. To win a medal each boy was obliged to sell at least ten bonds, and they must be sold to ten different people. Gordon Ames, Ralph Thompson and Howard Spafford were the proud winners of the medals.

Antioch has won its honor flag which is now in the possession of Chase Webb Chairman of the Liberty Loan Sales Committee, who plans to display it in the window of the village hall.

Chairman Webb, wishes at this time to express his appreciation to each and every purchaser for the loyal support given the committee at this time, and especially does he extend thanks to the members of his committee that worked so untiringly in order that Antioch might not fall short of its quota, and to the Boy Scouts for their activity in the campaign.

While the exact figures are unavailable it is known that Lake county has

Red Cross Day to be a Feature of County Fair

The Lake County Board of Agriculture has announced September 18, 19, 20 and 21, is the dates for the sixty-fifth annual fair at Libertyville. The fair will open on Wednesday and Thursday will be observed as Children's day; Friday, Red Cross day and Saturday, Patriotic day, when special patriotic features will be arranged for, including notable speakers and the presence of jockies from the Great Lakes Naval Training station.

J. B. Morse and L. V. Lusk, superintendent of speed, will do their utmost to provide a splendid program of races, and there will be baseball games and other interesting special features.

Following are the officers and directors of the fair:

President—W. E. Miller.

First vice president—Wm. Vickery.

Second vice president—L. V. Lusk.

Secretary—O. E. Churchill.

Treasurer—J. E. Triggs.

Board of Directors: R. W. Churchill, E. W. Butterfield, Charles H. Cheever, D. L. Putnam, Fred Grabbe.

Death of Charles Rudolph

On Saturday evening of last week occurred the death of Charles Rudolph, Sr., of Channah, due to the general breaking down of advanced age.

The deceased was born in Prussia, on March 27, 1840. In 1864, he was joined in marriage to Johannah Weege, and to this union was born seventeen children of which only four are living. Mrs. Mary Mattern and Frank of Wilmet, Charles and Albert of Channah Lake. He came to America in 1868. Landed in Milwaukee and later went to Channah Lake where the remainder of his life was spent, being 78 years 1 month and 8 days of age.

The funeral services were held in the Antioch M. E. church Tuesday afternoon with burial in the Antioch Hillsdale cemetery.

Keep Smiling.

Best advice of all is contained in the last words of the chorus of a popular song: "Smile—smile—smile!" However, you must smile from the heart, not merely twitching facial muscles mechanically, but flashing a message of friendliness and jollity from the heart.—Burlington Hawkeye.

Letter From a Soldier Boy in France

April 9, 1918
Somewhere in France,

Dear Mother:

Received your letter a couple of days ago and will answer tonight while I have a chance. I have just finished writing to Lyle, I am fine and dandy, excepting having some kind of an itch which we all have got I guess its from eating too much grease or something I am used to it now any way. There was an army dentist stopped here to fix our grinders up so we could eat war bread, I had a couple uppers filled with some kind of stuff, he sure has been some busy man jerking out the ivory, etc. Well I can not write much news I had a picture shot last Sunday and will send you one so you can see for yourself that I am Jake and all together, I am receiving your papers also some from Mable, have not received package yet, but they will some time I expect, and I sure will be glad when they come as I need the smoking, am down to French tobacco again, and oh, boy, it is strong. Say ma, if you get a chance some time try and get a hold of a pair of good big leather gloves like I used to wear on the line, or a pair of them leather stone mittens and send them over when you get a chance. My hands are all skinned to pieces, no hurry about them though. Does Harden's ever hear from Ben Drury I have not heard from him in a long time, but they are not so far away from where I am and doing the same kind of work, I understand. I got a couple of letters from Edna which I have got to answer but I guess I will not have time tonight. We have green onions and lettuce over here now. Apples trees are all in bloom. I guess that is going some, isn't it? Well the big doings is going on now. I think in a few more months it will tell the tale. I don't think there is any chance of us getting back home for a day or two though. Well ma, I have got to close for now. Tell dad to drop me a line. I remain as ever your loving son, W. F. Stickles. Co. 'A' 503 S. B. A. E. F., France.

Expect Fox Lake Bridge Will Cost Above Estimate

The estimate of \$35,000, made a year ago, as to the probable cost of the entire improvement including two bridges over Pistakee Bay, at Fox Lake, will prove entirely too low, in the opinion of county surveyor Charles Russell. It was estimated at that time that the cost of the 50-foot and 120-foot spans would be about \$17,000. The cost of materials have increased so much in the last year that it is the opinion of Mr. Russell that the cost will be at least \$20,000.

Bids have been called for and will be opened May 22, at which time it will be known just what the cost is going to be. The county of Lake has agreed to pay \$5,000 toward the cost of putting in the improvement. The rest will be paid for by special assessment and bonds raised.

When the bridges span the Pistakee it will open a straight route to Lake Geneva and is expected to bring a much larger number of pleasure seekers to the Lake region of Lake county.

Mrs. W. J. Cronin Dies at Kenosha, Thursday

On Thursday of last week in the city of Kenosha, occurred the death of Mrs. W. J. Cronin of Kenosha, a former resident of this village. The deceased was born in Chicago Sept. 26, 1874, and was forty-three years, five months and six days of age. She is survived by one son Thomas, of Kenosha, and also her mother Mrs. J. Girard, two sisters, Mrs. Stewart of Chicago and Mrs. Chas. Eames of Lake Villa and four brothers, Edward of Rose Lawn, Ind., William of Antioch, Frank and Adolph of Kenosha. The funeral services were held in Saturday with burial in Kenosha.

Nina Larsen Has a Ten Pound Boy

A ten pound boy was born on Sunday evening at 10 o'clock at the county hospital to Miss Nina Larsen, the half-witted woman whose experience at the poor farm at Libertyville recently caused such a sensation.

The attending physician was Dr. Daniels of Waukegan, he having been called in by County Physician Brown to take personal charge of this particular case.

The mother is getting on nicely and to all indications it is a fine looking, strong and promising child. The babe is not old enough yet to determine whether there are any signs of a weak mentality. The mother hoped the stork would bring her a daughter instead of a boy.

Optimistic Thought.

The voice of reason is more to be regarded than any present inclination.

NEWS ITEMS OF INTEREST

Our Exchanges Have Many Items of Different Events Concerning News.

NEWS OF VARIOUS KINDS

The city of Crystal Lake has placed an order for three 8,000 gallon tanks of steel oil.

Glenn Kurzrok, son of Editor Kurzrok of the East Troy News, is suffering from an attack of diphtheria in a hospital in France.

According to W. J. Kittle the Co-operative Marketing association work is coming along fine, a total of 5,000 shares having been sold to date and nearly \$100,000 worth of stock having been paid.

With the approval of the war department the North western military academy at Lake Geneva will this summer conduct a series of training camps for young men about to become of draft age.

The home of Wm. Rust of Mukwonago, was painted yellow by a committee and the figure of a straw man was hung from his porch. The house was badly smeared up with yellow paint, and no one seems to know who did it.

A picture of Robert M. LaFollette was cut from its frame, where it hung alongside the pictures of Washington and Lincoln in the high school at Geneva Junction was found pinned to telephone pole on the main square. The yellow heart, which was painted on the picture was pierced by the knife.

A recount will be taken on the license vote in Elkhorn in response to a petition signed by the seven qualified voters, who have carefully investigated the votes cast and state that they have reason to believe that sixteen persons voted illegally. It will be remembered that Elkhorn voted wet by a majority of 13 votes.

James McCauley, wealthy Hartland farmer, was arrested on Monday of last week, charged with seditious utterances made to solicitors for liberty bond who called on him. McCauley was brought to Woodstock, where he was given a grilling. The following morning when he appeared for hearing he retracted all the statements that he had made and in addition he publicly apologized for what he had done. He then contributed \$500 to the Red Cross, \$500 to the Y. M. C. A., and \$500 to the Knights of Columbus war funds, after which the prosecution was dropped.

Speak English

There are but two reasons for the study of a foreign language. One is to be able to read scientific works in that language, and the other is for its use in foreign travel or as foreign representative of the government or a business. Teaching foreign languages in the school grades to fit the pupils to converse with foreigners who have failed to learn the English language is a waste of time and money. Immigrants who do not learn to speak English within two years after settling in this country should be sent back to the country they left. This is a bully time to have America for Americans, and our adopted sons can be as good Americans as any if they choose, and if they don't choose they will please close the door when they go out.

Official List of Transfers

FURNISHED BY
Lake County Title and Trust Co.
Abstracts of Title. Titles Guaranteed.
WAUKEGAN - ILLINOIS

Wm Gray and wf to Jennie Fill-
weber lot 101, County Clerks
sub, Antioch wd \$ 1 00

Fred Klemann and wf to John
and Minnie Corbett pt lot 17,
County Clerks sub Antioch
wd

John Corbett and wf to J. L. S.
Klemann and wf to J. L. S.
Lake wd

E. M. Gross to Wm Walker lot
8, Deep Lake sub wd

YANKEES

ON PICARDY FRONT

U. S. Artillery Wipes Out Enemy's Position in the Luneville Sector.

FRENCH DRIVE GERMANS OFF HILL 82 NEAR AMIENS

Ground Regained is More Valuable to Allies Than Any Other Along the Entire Somme Region—Teutons Attack Near Positions Won by British at Hinges, but Are Repulsed—England Expects Kaiser to Start New "Peace" Drive.

With the American Forces on the French Front, May 7.—The enemy launched a heavy gas attack against the American troops on the Picardy front during the night. They sent over 15,000 shells, composed chiefly of mustard gas, within a brief period.

These shells were followed by an intense artillery fire at midnight, several hundred gas shells dropping into the American lines.

Hun Plane Shot Down.
Enemy airplanes appeared over the American lines about the same time. Antiaircraft guns brought down one German machine and damaged another.

The extreme activity of the artillery and aviators, the rifle fire and night flares and the reported movements behind the enemy lines in this sector may forecast a new attack, but General Pershing's men are ready for any emergency.

They are countering the enemy's preparations blow for blow, keeping up a harassing artillery, rifle and machine gun fire and are actively patrolling.

Yankee Prisoners Taken?
Berlin, May 7.—American prisoners have been captured by the Germans in engagements southwest of Blannet, according to the war office statement. "In engagements with the Americans southwest of Blannet, we took prisoners," the statement declares.

Towns Shelled by U. S. Men.
With the American Army West of Montdidier, May 7.—American guns shelling Montdidier, Cantigny, Mesnil-St. Georges and other towns and roads in this vicinity captured by the Germans some time ago.

British Take 200 Prisoners.
London, May 7.—The British took 200 prisoners in their local advance in the region of Marbais (half way between the Somme and Albert). Field Marshal Haig announced.

The British line has been advanced one-third of a mile on a front of more than a mile west-southwest of Marbais. The official statement says the headquarters from Field Marshal Haig's headquarters in the neighborhood of Locon and the Lys salient in Flanders have been improved in local fighting.

Huns Use New Gas on Yankees.
With the American Army on a French Battle Front, May 6.—A new German liquid gas was projected against the Picardy front, where American troops are fighting.

The gas is contained in glass bottles. On bursting they scatter a fluid from which heavy, white, transparent fumes arise for five minutes.

No detonation was heard as the bottles were hurled. Apparently they were thrown by a spring. The gas caused nausea, sneezing and coughing, but did not harm any of the Americans.

Two German airplanes were brought down. A successful artillery attack and raid by the Americans in the Luneville sector eliminated the first of the German salients jutting uncomfortably into our lines on this front.

U. S. Guns Wipe Out Foe.

With the American Army in France, May 6.—During the last three days the American artillery in the Luneville sector has completely chased the Germans from their front positions and wiped certain sections of the enemy rear off the map. This is the same artillery that not long ago gave a similar performance in another Lorraine sector.

Just now the German first and second lines are in about the same condition as No Man's Land, in which the Americans are working more freely than ever before.

The sections affected by the work of these American guns are south, southwest and southeast of Halloville (approximately 13 miles east of Luneville and about six miles from the German border).

Allies Advance at Ypres.
British Headquarters in France, May 6.—Franco-British forces, in the course of a successful operation between

Loere and Drancourt, advanced their positions on a thousand-yard front to an average depth of 500 yards.

The British took 48 prisoners and the French 32.

The enemy was driven from two or three farms and the allies took some high ground near Koutkot.

The French, continuing their operation, carried some strongly-held buildings in the neighborhood of the sector. All the enemy counter-efforts were broken up with considerable loss.

These local successes are of distinct value, strengthening the allied defenses of the approach to Scherpenberg and Mont Rouge.

British Hold Gains.
London, May 6.—German troops attacked the new positions gained by the British Friday night on the Flanders battle front near Hinges, northwest of Bethune. They were repulsed, the war office announces, the British line remaining intact.

The British positions were improved in local operations northeast of Amiens, near Sally-le-Sec and north of Albert in the vicinity of Hebuterne. The artillery on both sides is continuing its activity along the Lys battle front.

French Capture Hill.
London, May 4.—While a new German stroke on either the northern or southern battle front is still delayed, the French have taken the initiative in the latter field and delivered a telling blow southeast of Amiens.

Attacking on a front of more than a mile between Hallles and Castel, the French troops drove the German General Petal's troops from the German line, an eminence of some 250 feet overlooking the Avre river, and captured the wood to the east and southeast, immediately bordering on the Avre.

The ground thus gained is probably more valuable than any other of equal area which lies along the entire Somme line. It was at Hallles that the Germans effected their greatest westward penetration in their Amiens drive, and at Hill 82 they were within less than three miles of the important Paris-Amiens railway.

Adding this new terrain to the other high ground taken by the French further south along the Avre not long ago, an excellent line of defenses appears to have been taken up by the entente forces in this region.

Quiet on Flanders Front.
The positions of the French at Hainard and those of the British on the Villers-Bretonneux ridge preserve the continuity of the line on commanding ground at virtually all the vital spots north of the Somme.

In the Villers-Bretonneux region, as well, there has been a further improvement of the entente position, the French gaining ground in local fighting there.

The Germans are still holding off on the Flanders battle front. Co-operating with the French in local fighting south of Villers-Bretonneux (nine miles east of Amiens) the British took prisoners, the official report from Field Marshal Haig announces.

Huns Open "Peace Drive."
In the opinion of Lord Robert Cecil, minister of blockade, the failure of Germany's "knockout offensive" on the western front will result, in a big peace offensive, directed mainly against Great Britain, and possibly made in an attractive form, but which will not afford any terms the allies can look at.

In this opinion, made in a statement to a correspondent, Lord Robert expressed the further belief that the new peace offensive would be largely for German consumption, because "the rulers of Germany know if they have to rely on their own resources they cannot hold out much longer."

Lull in Battle Continues.
London, May 3.—With the reports from the French war office and from Field Marshal Haig showing almost complete inactivity on both the Somme and Flanders battlefields, observers here are speculating on how many more men the German higher command will be willing to risk in costly offensive operations.

The German command has permitted three days to pass since General von Arnim sustained his severe reverse southeast of Ypres, without undertaking anything but minor attacks.

Not the least interesting of these bits of information is a dispatch from British headquarters in France, which says:

"The German field depots are being heavily drawn upon to replace recent casualties. The Thirteenth German reserve division has just received a company of 250 boys of the 1910-20 class, who had only eight weeks' training, and were not to be put into the fighting unless absolutely necessary. But the fact that they are now in the division in the battle line suggests the anticipation that they may have to be used."

Coupled with this is the statement given circulation here and attributed to a source of authority, that the Germans have suffered casualties amounting nearly to 900,000 men since Hindenburg and Ludendorff began their offensive on March 21 which was to crush the power of the allies.

varia, after the United States had declared war on the Kaiser.

Wellington was caught in the maelstrom of the great war, while on a trip through Europe with his grandmother.

"When the war first started, we were in Germany," Wellington said. "We couldn't get money from home, and the Germans sent me and grandmother to an old people's home."

"When we wanted something to eat we had to have a ticket and get in line."

Wellington Bosworth Tells of Sufferings in Last Four Years in Germany.

Chicago, May 7.—"This is what our life was like in the American place here," the German boy said as he told of his sufferings.

Wellington Bosworth, 13, son of W. G. Bosworth, 3030 South Park avenue, streets of Anspach, Ba-

RETREAT OF HAIG

VIVID WORD PICTURE PAINTED BY AN ILLINOIS OFFICER IN THE GREAT BATTLE.

BRITISH IN HERCULEAN TASK

Although Enemy Divisions Numbered Ten to One, Slaughter of Germans Was Terrific—Thrilling Details by Lieut. Roswell T. Pettit.

Details of the Haig retreat in the famous battle in Picardy, are most interestingly told by First Lieutenant Roswell T. Pettit, M. O. R. C., of Ottawa, Ill., in a letter to his father, Dr. J. W. Pettit of the Ottawa tuberculosis colony and published in the Chicago Tribune. The American officer endured nine days of the horrors and was in the thickest of the fighting during the retreat of the British Fifth army from St. Quentin. Lieutenant Pettit's report of the battle thrills, and the stress of the great conflict are given before his impressions had in any way been dulled by time, written immediately after his experience. His letter follows:

Lieutenant Pettit's Letter.
March 30.
Dear Father: Now that the show is over for me for the time being, and I have time to breathe and sleep and eat and write, I'll try and tell you about the battle. Before you receive this you will have had the whole story from the papers, but I know you will be interested in knowing what I did in the affair.

Of course, the things I saw were but an infinitesimal part of a gigantic whole and it would be impossible for me to give a correct description of the battle. And as I write this, I do it with no knowledge whatever of what has been going on even a few miles from me.

I have not seen a paper in eight days; I have received no mail, and the only information we have received has been by word of mouth, and most of what we hear must be wild rumors. For example: The French have advanced 20 miles at Verdun, the Americans have taken Ostend, and are on their way to Zeebrugge, and a great naval battle has been fought in the North sea.

All I know is that on this part of the front the Germans attacked us in overwhelming numbers, in places ten divisions to one; that they suffered terrible losses, but finally broke through our lines of defense, one after another, and fighting for the most part, a rear guard action, we have retired about 15 miles in a straight line.

For a week before the battle started we had been expecting it; we were ready to move on 30 minutes' notice. I had been out with combatant as well as medical officers on tours of reconnaissance, definite methods of evacuation of the wounded had been worked out. And our plans of counter-attack had been made. After four or five days of waiting, the storm finally broke.

The Boche opened up on us at 5 a. m., March 21, with the heaviest barrage I have ever heard. "Stand to," was sounded, we turned out dressed, and had all our equipment packed in 30 minutes. Then we sat down and waited for orders to move. The barrage kept up continuously, sometimes heavier and then of less intensity, sometimes it seemed to be to the north of us and then suddenly it switched to the south.

Our balloons were up as soon as it was light and the airplanes were buzzing over our heads. The ground mist gradually cleared and the Germans put a hail of shrapnel on our camp and we all took cover, but three men were hit. Why it is a fellow always feels safer with a roof over his head, even if he knows bullets and shrapnel and pieces of shell will go through boards and corrugated iron just like paper.

Ordered to Move.
Our orders to move finally came and we marched off to the brigade assembly point several miles away. This assembly point was in a little bunch of trees about the size of Allen park and behind and separated from a larger wood in front. In the larger wood there was a battery of heavy artillery, and shells were dropping in there two or three to a minute, and it was heavy stuff, too.

Sometimes they overshoot the big wood and shells were landing in the open around the little wood where my brigade had its assembly point. As we approached our little camp we could make all this out from some distance away and it wasn't a pleasant sensation to feel that we were marching straight into it.

All the battalions arrived and in that little copse there must have been at least two thousand men. What a chance if the Germans only knew! But the shells continued to drop in front of us and on either side, but none landed among us, and after waiting there for

three hours, expecting to be blown to bits any second, we finally moved forward. Just as we left the copse, from behind us, up over a ridge, came a stream of galloping horses.

"It's the cavalry," someone shouted, but soon I made out limbers and field guns.

They galloped past us, going like mad, took up a position to our right, swung into position, unlimbered, and in two minutes were blazing away. It was a thrilling sight.

Torn by Shells.
In going forward we went around the end of the larger wood in front of us, over ground that was torn to bits by the heavy shell fire that had just preceded, over another edge, across a valley, and under the crest of a hill. And here we found the tanks going over the top of the hill to take up their position. At this point we were still about a mile from the front line.

At this place I opened up an aid post under the crest of the hill to take care of what wounded came in while we were getting into position. I looked back across the valley we had just traversed.

Shrapnel was bursting in the air, shells were whizzing overhead, and our guns behind me were belching forth the fire. The noise was deafening.

A railroad ran through the valley and an engine pulling a couple of flat cars was going by. A couple of soldiers were sitting on the rear truck swinging their feet. A shell burst on the track and only missed the last car about fifteen yards. Neither man was hit and the train went blithely on.

By this time it was getting along toward evening, the sun was sinking in the west, and finally went down a great ball of fire. At the time, I remember, I noticed its color. It was blood red and had a sinister look. Was it my imagination, or might it have been a premonition? At any rate, I shall never forget the color of the sun as it set that night at the end of the first day of probably one of the greatest battles in history. It certainly didn't look good to me.

The drumming of the guns continued, twilight gradually deepened into night, the signals stopped their wigwagging and took up their flash signals, a fog dropped down on us and put the lights out of business, and when we left to go forward under the cover of darkness they were busy putting out their telephone lines—signals and runners don't have an easy time.

Shell Dump Goes Up.
Behind us a shell landed in an ammunition dump and it went up with a roar; then the rifle ammunition started going off like a great bunch of firecrackers, and great tongues of flame lit up the sky.

It is reported that the Germans had broken through our line and we were to counter-attack in the morning. We got into positions without a single casualty. I opened an aid post in an old dugout and settled down to sleep until morning. You may think it funny that one could sleep under such conditions, but I had been up since 5:30, had tramped about six or seven miles, had had a rather trying day and was dog tired.

So I settled down on the rough plank floor and was soon asleep. I must have been asleep a couple of hours when a runner came from headquarters and told us we were to move off immediately. I looked at my watch and it was 1:30 a. m. on the second day.

We went back to a position some six miles to the north of us, landing there about 4 in the morning and flopped down on the floor of some abandoned huts to wait further orders. Our orders came along about 9 o'clock. We marched up across the open prairie, the sun shining, and it was really hot.

Just like some of the warm days we get going forward it was necessary for us to march seventy-five yards in front of three batteries of field guns. There are six guns to a battery. They shoot an eighteen-pound shell and while we were there each gun was shooting twice to the minute. You can imagine the racket when I tell you that the discharge of one gun can be heard about four miles. In addition the Boche was trying to knock out this battery and he was dropping his six inch shells a little too close for comfort.

Nearly in a Trap.
Then I made a lovely mistake. I was to establish an aid post near battalion headquarters and went blithely on when I met a company commander and asked him where to go.

"Back there about a quarter of a mile," he replied. "This is the front center company. If you keep on in the direction you are going you are going up over that ridge and Fritz will be waiting for you with a machine gun."

So my sergeant and orderly and myself didn't waste any time in clearing. On the way back I found a gully can full of water, got into a corrugated iron shelter and had a wash and a shave. It certainly felt good. I don't believe I had washed for thirty-six hours. It was warm and bright. I could look out of my shelter and see our support lines digging themselves

has a coat covered with 3,300 of these teeth, which he values at \$10,000, and does not wish to sell it at that or any other price. The coat proper was made by an Indian in Manitoba, Canada, and is finely sewed. It weighs 25 pounds. There are two rows of antelope teeth, 150 in all, down the front.

The owner of the coat is a prominent member of the order of Elks and wears the coat at all conventions. With the coat the owner wears an ornate lace made of the largest of the elk teeth in his collection.

Has Coat of Elk Teeth.
Those who are in a position to know say \$3 is a fair average price for an elk tooth, such as are sold to members of the order of the Elks, according to Popular Science Monthly. Much higher prices are paid for very good specimens.

A curio dealer in Steubenville, O., though he may not understand every part of the elaborate ritual, he gives it his unwavering attention.—Exchange.

Russian Worshippers Devout.
The typical Russian congregation, worships with a reverence and devotion which might well shame some western congregations. There are none of the laughing and talking before and after the service, none of the smiling and whispering during the singing of hymns, which so painfully characterize restless and talkative Americans.

The Russian quietly and reverently enters his church, patiently stands through a service whose length is often protracted to two or three hours, and

warriors of the Marshall Islands sometimes wear battle helmets made of the skin of the porcupine fish, which is very thick and spiky. It is cured in such fashion as to preserve the shape of the fish, and, while affording protection against a blow from a club, hands an extra touch of ferocity to the fighting man's aspect.

Deep in Love.
"Yes, you are really in love?"
"Yes," replied the methodical young man.

"And how deep are you in love?"
"Just a moment until I consult my expense account. Ahem! Up to the present moment I have attained a depth of \$814.73."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Hot Flame.
A hot flame can be generated by fitting the burner of an acetylene bicycle lamp to the ordinary gas jet.

BOND GOAL PASSED

Billion Over Amount Set Is Total Reached.

Contributions to Liberty Loan Cause Will Be Nearly \$4,000,000,000—Nine Thousand Take \$10,000,000— Iowa Leads.

FIRST LOAN.
Quota \$2,000,000,000
Subscribed 4,617,532,850
Subscribers (No count)

SECOND LOAN.
Quota \$3,000,000,000
Subscribed 4,000,000,000
Subscribers (No count)

THIRD LOAN.
Quota \$3,000,000,000
Subscribed 4,000,000,000
Subscribers 15,000,000
The total of Liberty loans for the country (present loan estimated) is \$10,652,760,150.

*Estimated.
Washington, May 6.—The treasury department on Sunday officially announced the third Liberty Loan figures at the sum of \$3,310,028,250.

Some 17,000,000 persons purchased bonds. The approximate number of subscribers in each federal reserve district follows:

District.	Number of Subscribers.
New York	4,000,000
Chicago	2,498,000
Cleveland	1,561,870
Philadelphia (estimated)	1,200,000
Boston (estimated)	1,200,000
San Francisco	1,000,000
Atlanta	1,000,000
Minneapolis	1,000,000
Kansas City (estimated)	900,000
Richmond (estimated)	800,000
St. Louis	836,342
Dallas	850,000

Grand total \$10,976,321
The most effective night's drive of the campaign is yet to be tallied up. The Boston and Philadelphia districts' figures represent sales only up to the 11 o'clock Saturday morning; the New York district up to four o'clock in the afternoon, and in the remaining districts up to three o'clock.

The final figures, it was said, will go well over the \$4,000,000,000 mark.

The fourth loan and a Red Cross campaign are to be started in the fall.

Seventh District Loan Figures.
Chicago, May 7.—The Seventh federal reserve district has unofficially subscribed 150 per cent of its quota to the third Liberty loan.

The latest official figures for the Seventh federal reserve district, given Sunday night when many thousands of subscriptions still remained to be tabulated, are as follows:

Division.	Quota	Subscribed	Value	Pct. of Quota
Chicago	\$125,000,000	\$23,119,125	\$125,000,000	108.29
Illinois	22,800,000	35,558,726	22,800,000	156.83
Indiana	32,700,000	29,270,000	32,700,000	112.99
Iowa	71,000,000	47,532,160	71,000,000	114.99
Michigan	76,000,000	33,886,225	76,000,000	122.61
Wisconsin	45,000,000	22,913,662	45,000,000	114.74
Totals	\$125,000,000	\$23,119,125	\$125,000,000	126.50

Chicago's unofficial subscription total is \$150,000,000. This may be swelled by reports not yet tabulated. Chicago's quota was \$125,000,000.

One in every three persons in Cook county is a bond holder in Uncle Sam's third big loan drive, according to the statistics compiled Sunday. The complete figures may show a million subscriptions in Cook county, one to every two and one-half.

Predictions Are Realized.
All day belated reports poured into Liberty Loan headquarters from the first five states in the district. From scores of these it was seen that the optimistic predictions made Saturday night when the campaign closed in a blaze of patriotism throughout the district will be realized.

Iowa came through with a report Saturday of 9,000 subscribers, taking \$10,000,000. Michigan, whose final percentage was expected to be 133 per cent of its quota, reported that this figure would easily be met. Indiana, expected to show 128 per cent, reported that the final figures may boost this to 135 per cent.

Wisconsin, at no time feared as a laggard, came through with flying colors and trailed town a close second with a 155 per cent oversubscription.

More significant than anything else in the finale to Chicago's splendid blow for liberty was the fact that more than 800,000 of her citizens are bondholders, sharing the responsibility for the great war almost 50 per cent more than in either of the two previous loans.

Peculiar Battle Helmets.
Warriors of the Marshall Islands sometimes wear battle helmets made of the skin of the porcupine fish, which is very thick and spiky. It is cured in such fashion as to preserve the shape of the fish, and, while affording protection against a blow from a club, hands an extra touch of ferocity to the fighting man's aspect.

Hot Flame.
A hot flame can be generated by fitting the burner of an acetylene bicycle lamp to the ordinary gas jet.

C will greatly help most pale-faced people

No Live The King

MARY ROBERTS RINEY
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FACES CRUEL THE COUNTESS, TRAPPED BY TERRIBLE TEST OF HER

Synopsis.—The crown prince of Livonia, a boy of ten years old, taken to the opera by his acquaintance of Bobby, slips away to the park, where he is searched for by Thorpe, a little American boy. Bobby calls to consult the finds everything in an uproar as very ill. The chancellor suggests that to preserve the kingdom of Livonia, the princess Hedwig, who loves to King Karl of that country, Hedwig, who loves to Princess Annunziata, his dismayed when told of the plans and plots to prevent his sending a secret message to King Nikky Larisch, Otto's aide by agents of the terrorists and a for her marriage. Count Larisch, unaware of the substitution, holds up Karl's papers. On delivering the envelope to impersonate Karl's son when the deception is discovered, envelope for someone, goes to Karl and arranges with Karl, Larisch is Hedwig. Karl thereupon releases Captain Mettlich, chancellor finds her room in the palace searched Karl for his ments stolen.

Larisch, Cor and inclim

CHAPTER her that her In the tray A glance at the diamond above, he had given her her perfrimases, even a knock on the wall, all were safe on the code book was gone. hand did the countess look en face—and found it terrible. She could not stand without support. It that she saw a paper folded jewels and took it out with fingers. In fine, copperplate she read:

ame—Tonight at one o'clock a closed e will wait you in the Street of the e Virgins, near the church. You will in it, without fail, to wherever it takes u. (Signed) The Committee of Ten.

The committee of ten! This thing had happened to her. Then it was true that the half mythical committee of ten existed, that this terror of Livonia was a real terror, which had her by the throat. For there was no escape. None. Now indeed she knew that rumor spoke the truth, and that the terrorists were everywhere. In daylight they had entered her room. They had known of the safe, known of the code. Known how much else?

Wild ideas of flight crossed her mind, to be as instantly abandoned for their futility. Where could she go that they would not follow her? When she had reacted from her first shock she fell to pondering the matter, pro and con. What could they want of her? If she was an enemy to the country, so were they. But even that led nowhere, for after all, the terrorists were not enemies to Livonia. They claimed indeed to be its friends, to hold in their hands its future and its betterment. Enemies of the royal house they were, of course.

She was nearly distracted by that time. She was a brave woman, physically and mentally of hard fiber, but the very name signed to the paper set her nerves to twitching. It was the committee of ten which had murdered Prince Hubert and his young wife; the committee of ten which had exploded a bomb in the very palace itself, and killed old Breidau, of the king's council; the committee of ten which had burned the government house, and had led the mob in the student riots a year or so before.

In this dread presence, then, she would find herself that night! For she would go. There was no way out.

The countess rang for her maid. She was cool enough now, and white, with a cruel line about her mouth that Minna knew well. She went to the door into the corridor, and locked it. Then she turned on the maid. "I am ready for you, now."

"Madame will retire?"

"You little fool! You know what I am ready for!"

The maid stood still. Her wide, bovine eyes, filled with alarm, watched the countess as she moved swiftly across the room to her wardrobe. When she turned about again, she held in her hand a thin black riding crop. Minna's ruddy color faded. She knew the Loscheks, knew their furies.

"Madame!" she cried, and fell on her knees. "What have I done? Oh, what have I done?"

"That is what you will tell me," said the countess, and brought down the crop. A livid stripe across the girl's face turned slowly to red.

"I have done nothing, I swear it. Mother of pity, help me! I have done nothing."

The crop descended again, this time on one of the great sleeves of her peasant costume. So thin it was, so brutal the blow, that it cut into the

hat, she threw a gray veil. A careless disguise, but all that was necessary. The sentries through and about the palace were not accustomed to such shrouded figures slipping out from its gloom to light, and perhaps to love.

Before she left, she looked about the room. What assurance had she that this very excursion was not a trap, and that in her absence the vault would not be looted again? It contained now something infinitely valuable and incriminating—the roll of film. She glanced about, and seeing a silver vase of roses, hurriedly emptied the water out, wrapped the film in oiled paper, and dropped it down among the stems.

The Street of the Wise Virgins was not near the palace. Even by walking briskly she was in danger of being late. The wind kept her back, too. Then, at last, the Street of the Wise Virgins and the facade, standing at the curb, with a driver wrapped in rugs against the cold of the February night, and his hat pulled down over his eyes. The countess stopped beside him.

"You are expecting a passenger?"

"Yes, madame."

With her hand on the door, the countess realized that the facade was already occupied. As she peered into its darkened interior, the shadow resolved itself into a cloaked and masked figure. She shrank back.

"Enter, madame," said a voice.

The figure appalled her. It was not sufficient to know that behind the horrifying mask which covered the entire face and head, there was a human figure, human pulses that beat, human eyes that appraised her. She hesitated.

"Quickly," said the voice.

She got in, shrinking into a corner of the carriage. Her lips were dry, the roaring of terror was in her ears. The door closed.

Then commenced a drive of which afterward the countess dared not think. The figure neither moved nor spoke. Inside the carriage reigned the most complete silence. Then the carriage stopped, and at last the shrouded figure moved and spoke.

"I regret, countess, that my orders are to blindfold you."

She submitted ungracefully, while he bound a black cloth over her eyes. He drew it very close and knotted it behind. In the act his fingers touched her face, and she felt them cold and clammy. The contact sickened her.

"Your hand, madame."

She was led out of the carriage, and across soft earth, a devious course again, as though they avoided small obstacles. Once her foot touched something low and hard, like marble. Again, in the darkness, they stumbled over a mound. She knew where she was, then—in a graveyard. But which? There were many about the city.

An open space, the opening of a gate or door that squeaked softly, a flight of steps that led downward, and a breath of musty, cold air, damp and cellarlike.

At last, still in unbroken silence, she knew that they had entered a large space. Their footsteps no longer echoed and reechoed. Her guide walked more slowly, and at last paused, releasing her hand. She felt again the touch of his clammy fingers as he untied the knots of her bandages. He took it off.

At first she could see little. When her eyes grew accustomed, she made out the scene slowly.

A great stone vault, its walls broken into crypts which had contained caskets of the dead. But the caskets had been removed, and were piled in a corner, and in the niches were rifles. In the center was a pine table, curiously incongruous, and on it writing materials, a cheap clock, and a pile of documents. There were two candles only, and these were stuck in skulls—old brown skulls so infinitely removed from all semblance to the human that they were not even horrible. It was as if they had been used, not to inspire terror, but because they were at hand and convenient for the purpose. In the shadow, ranged in a semicircle, were nine figures, all motionless, all masked, and cloaked in black. They sat, another incongruity, on plain wooden chairs. But in spite of that they were figures of dread. The one who had brought her made the tenth.

Had she not known the past record of the men before her, the rather opera bouffe setting with which they chose to surround themselves might have aroused her scorn. But Olga Loschek knew too much. She guessed shrewdly that, with the class of men with whom they dealt, it was not enough that their name spelled terror. They must visualize it. They had taken their cue from that very church, indeed, beneath which they hid. The church, with its shrines and images, appealed to the eye. They, too, appealed to the eye. Their masks, the carefully constructed and upheld mystery of their identity, the trappings of death about them—it was skillfully done.

Still no one spoke. The countess faced them. Only her eyes showed her nervousness; she stood lightly, her head held high. But like most women, she could not endure silence for long, at least the silence of shrouded figures and intent eyes.

"Now that I am here," she demanded, "may I ask why I have been summoned?"

It was Number Seven who replied. It was Number Seven who, during the hour that followed, spoke for the others. None moved, or but slightly. Evidently all had been carefully arranged.

"Look on the table, countess. You will find there some papers you will perhaps recognize."

She took a step toward the table

and glanced down. The code book lay there. Also the letter she had sent by Peter Niburg. She made no effort to disclaim them.

"I recognize them," she said clearly.

"Do you realize what will happen, madame, if these papers are turned over to the authorities?"

She shrugged her shoulders. And now Number Seven rose, a tall figure of mystery, and spoke at length in a cultivated, softly intoned voice. The countess, listening, felt the voice vaguely familiar, as were the burning eyes behind the mask.

"It is our hope, madame," he said, "that you will make it unnecessary for the committee of ten to use those papers. We have no quarrel with women. We wish rather a friend than an enemy. The committee of ten, those who know its motives, has the highest and most loyal of ideals—to the country."

His voice took on a new, almost a fanatic note. They had watched the gradual decay of the country, he said. Its burden of taxation grew greater each year. The masses sweated and toiled, to carry on their backs the dead weight of the aristocracy and the throne. The iron hand of the chancellor held everything; an old king who would die, was dying now, and after that a boy, nominal ruler only, while the chancellor continued his hard rule.



The Countess Faced Them.

And now, as if that were not enough, there was talk of an alliance with Karlina, an alliance which, carried through, would destroy the hope of a republic.

The countess stared.

"The price of the alliance, madame, is the Princess Hedwig in marriage. The committee, which knows all things, believes that you have reason to dislike this marriage."

Save that she clutched her cloak more closely, the countess made no move. But there was a soft stir among the figures. Perhaps, after all, the committee as a whole did not know all things.

"To prevent this alliance, madame, is our first aim. There are others to follow. But"—he bent forward—"the king will not live many days. It is our hope that that marriage will not occur before his death."

By this time Olga Loschek knew very well where she stood. The committee was prophetic. She was not in danger, save as it might develop. They were, in a measure, putting their case.

"King Karl has broken faith before. He will not support Livonia until he has received his price. He is determined on the marriage."

"A marriage of expediency," said the countess impatiently.

The speaker for the committee shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps," he replied. "Although there are those of us who think that in this matter of expediency, Karl gives more than he receives."

"The matter lies thus, madame. The chancellor is now in Karlina. Doubtless he will return with the agreement signed. We shall learn that in a day or so. We do not approve of this alliance for various reasons, and we intend to take steps to prevent it. The paper itself is nothing. But plainly, countess, we need a friend in the palace, one who is in the confidence of the royal family."

"And for such friendship, I am to secure safety?"

"Yes, madame. But that is not all. Let me tell you briefly how things stand with us. We have, supporting us, certain bodies, workmen's guilds, a part of the student body, not so much of the army as we would wish. Dissatisfied folk, madame, who would exchange the emblem of tyranny for freedom. On the announcement of the king's death, in every part of the kingdom will go up the cry of liberty. But the movement must start here. The city must rise against the throne. And against that there are two obstacles. He paused.

The clock ticked, and water dripped into the tin pail with metallic splashes. "The first is this marriage. The second—is the Crown Prince Ferdinand and William Otto."

The countess recoiled. "No!"

"A moment, madame. You think badly of us." Under his mask the

countess divined a cold smile. "It is not necessary to contemplate violence. There are other methods. The boy could be taken over the border, and hidden until the republic is firmly established. After that, he is unimportant."

The countess, still pale, looked at him scornfully. "You do my intelligence small honor."

"Where peaceful methods will avail, our methods are peaceful, madame."

"It was, then, in peace that you murdered Prince Hubert?"

"The errors of the past are past."

Then, with a new earnestness: "Make no mistake. Whether through your agency or another, countess, when the cathedral bell rouses the city to the king's death, and the people wait in the place for their new king to come out on the balcony, he will not come."

The countess was not entirely bad. Standing swaying and white-faced before the tribunal, she saw suddenly the golden head of the little crown prince, saw him smiling as he had smiled that day in the sunlight, saw him troubled and forlorn as he had been when, that very evening, he had left them to go to his lonely rooms. Perhaps she reached the biggest moment of her life then, when she folded her arms and stared proudly at the shrouded figures before her.

"I will not do it," she said.

But Number Seven remained impassive. "A new idea, countess!" he said suavely. "I can understand that your heart recoils. But this thing is inevitable, as I have said. Whether you or another—but perhaps with time to think you may come to another conclusion. We make no threats. Our position is, however, one of responsibility. We are compelled to place the future of the republic before every other consideration."

"That is a threat."

"We remember both our friends and our enemies, madame. And we have only friends and enemies. There is no middle course. If you would like time to think it over—"

"How much time?" She clutched at the words.

"Women vary," said Number Seven mockingly. "Some determine quickly. Others—"

"May I have a month?"

"During which the king may die! Alas, madame, it is now you who do us too little honor!"

"A week?" begged the countess desperately.

The leader glanced along the line. One head after another nodded slowly.

"A week it is, madame. Comrade Five!"

The one who had brought her came forward with the bandage.

"At the end of one week, madame, a flare will, as tonight, be waiting in the Street of the Wise Virgins."

"And these papers?"

"On the day the republic of Livonia is established, madame, they will be returned to you."

He bowed, and returned to his chair. Save for the movements of the man who placed the bandage over her eyes, there was absolute silence in the room.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto was supremely happy. Three quite delightful things had happened. First, Nikky had returned. He said he felt perfectly well, but the crown prince thought he looked as though he had been ill, and glanced frequently at Nikky's cigarette during the riding hour. Second, Hedwig did not come to the riding lesson, and he had Nikky to himself. Third, he, Prince Ferdinand William Otto, was on the eve of a birthday.

This last, however, was not unmixed happiness. For the one day the sentence of exile was to be removed so that he might lunch with the king, and he was to have strawberry jam with his tea, some that Miss Braithwaite's sister had sent from England. But to offset all this, he was to receive a delegation of citizens.

Hedwig was not at the riding school that morning. This relieved Prince Ferdinand William Otto, whose views as to Nikky were entirely selfish, but Nikky himself had unaccountably lost his high spirit of the morning. He played, of course, as he always did. And even taught the crown prince how to hang over the edge of his saddle, while his horse was cantering, so that bullets would not strike him.

They rode and frolicked, yelled a bit, got two ponies and whacked a polo ball over the tan bark, until the crown prince was sweating royally and was gloriously flushed.

"I don't know when I have been so happy," he said, dragging out his handkerchief and mopping his face. "It's a great deal pleasanter without Hedwig, isn't it?"

While they played, overhead the great hearse was ready at last. Its woodwork shone. Its gold crosses gleamed. No flock of dust disturbed its austere magnificence.

The man and the boy who had been working on it stood back and surveyed it.

"All ready," said the man, leaning on the handle of his long brush. "Now it may happen any time."

"It is very handsome. But I am glad I am not the old king." The boy picked up pails and brushes. "Nothing to look forward to but—that."

"But much to look back on," the man observed grimly, "and little that is good."

The boy glanced through a window, below which the riding ring stretched its brown surface, scarred by nervous hoofs. "I would change places with the crown prince," he said enviously. "Listen to him! Always laughing. Never to labor, nor worry, nor think of the next day's food—"

"Young fool!" The man came to his shoulder and glanced down also. "Would like to be a princeling, then? No worry. No trouble. Always play, play!" He gripped the boy's shoulder. "Look, lad, at the windows about. That is what it is to be a prince. Wherever you look, what do you see? Stablemen? Grooms? Bah, secret agents, watching that no assassin, such, perhaps as you and I, lurk about."

He stopped and stared, wiping the glass clear that he might see better. Nikky without his cap, disheveled and flushed with exertion, was making a frantic shot at the white ball, rolling past him. Where had he seen such a head, such a flying mop of hair? Ah! He remembered. It was the flying young devil who had attacked him and the others that night in the by-street, when Peter Niburg lay stunned!

Miss Braithwaite had a bad headache that afternoon, and the crown prince drove out with his aunt. The Archduchess Annunziata went shopping. The crown prince sat in the carriage and watched the people. The man beside the coachman sat with alert eyes, and there were others who scanned the crowd intently. But it was a quiet, almost an adoring crowd, and there was even a dog, to Prince Ferdinand William Otto's huge delight.

The man who owned the dog, seeing the child's eyes on him, put him through his tricks. Truly a wonderful dog, that would catch things on its nose and lie dead, rousing only to a whistle which its owner called Gabriel's trumpet.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto, growing excited, leaned quite out of the window. "What is your dog's name?" he inquired, in his clear treble.

The man took off his hat and bowed. "Toto, highness. He is of French origin."

"He is a very nice dog. I have always wanted a dog like that. He must be a great friend."

"A great friend, highness." He would have expatiated on the dog, but he was uncertain of the etiquette of the procedure. His face beamed with pleasure, however. Then a splendid impulse came to him. This dog, his boon companion, he would present to the crown prince. It was all he had, and he would give it, freely, even though it left him friendless.

But here again he was at a loss. Was it the proper thing? Did one do such things in this fashion, or was there a procedure? He cocked an eye at the box of the carriage, but the two men sat impressive, immobile.

Finally he made up his mind. Hat in hand, he stepped forward. "Highness," he said nervously, "since the dog pleases you, I—I would present him to you."

"To me?" The crown prince's voice was full of incredulous joy.

"Yes, highness. If such a thing be permissible."

"Are you sure you don't mind?"

"He is the best I have, highness. I wish to offer my best."

Prince Ferdinand William Otto almost choked with excitement. "I have always wanted one," he cried. "If you are certain you can spare him, I'll be very good to him. No one," he said, "ever gave me a dog before. I'd like to have him now, if I may."

The crowd was growing. It pressed closer, pleased at the boy's delight. Truly they were participating in great things. A small cheer and many smiles followed the lifting of the dog through the open window of the carriage. And the dog was surely a dog to be proud of. Already it shook hands with the crown prince.

Perhaps, in that motley gathering, there were some who viewed the scene with hostile eyes, some who saw, not a child glowing with delight over a gift, but one of the hated ruling family, a barrier, an obstacle in the way of freedom. But if such there were, they were few. It was, indeed, as the terrorists feared. The city loved the boy.

Annunziata, followed by an irritated Edda, came out of the shop. Edda's wardrobe had been purchased, and was not to her taste.

"Good heavens," cried the archduchess, and stared into the carriage. "Otto!"

"He is mine," said the crown prince fondly. "He is the cleverest dog. He can do all sorts of things."

"Put him out."

"But he is mine," protested Ferdinand William Otto. "He is a gift. That gentleman there, in the corduroy jacket—"

"Put him out," said the Archduchess Annunziata.

There was nothing else to do. The crown prince did not cry. He was much too proud. He thanked the donor again carefully, and regretted that he could not accept the dog. He said it was a wonderful dog, and just the sort he liked. And the carriage drove away.

He went back to the palace, and finding that the governess still had a headache, settled down to the burnt wood frame. Once he glanced up at the woe on its shelf at the top of the cabinet. "Well, anyhow," he said sturdily, "I still have you."

If you were a princess and loved a brave soldier, who, bound by tradition and loyalty to his king, dared not speak the words which crowded to his lips, what would you do? Hedwig faced this problem and was forced to make a decision. The next installment tells how she met the situation.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

HEARD and SEEN at the CAPITAL

"Wanted, Live Press Agent; Apply Mother Nature"

WASHINGTON.—Nature needs a press agent. If you were among the thousands who missed the recent display of the aurora borealis, you will agree with me that a little advance publicity for old Mother Nature would result in larger audiences for some of her most choice displays.



Those who missed the "northern lights" have been kicking themselves because they didn't have the gumption to look out the back window and see something worth looking at.

But how were you to know anything about the aurora borealis being on the way? Nature needed a press agent, that was all.

And now an earthquake!

Missing the Aurora borealis was bad enough, but to miss an earthquake that shakes beneath your very feet is too much. When you failed to look out the window that night, it wasn't your fault, of course—how in the thunder were you to know the aurora borealis was out there, anyway?

But that earthquake! If you were so absorbed in a book that you failed to feel the house quiver, it was your fault, and you feel it. You may forgive yourself for not looking out the window, but not for failing to note the earthquake.

When you went downtown the next morning there was Henry Jones waiting for you.

"Did you feel the earthquake?" he asked.

"What earthquake?" you said.

He looked at you with pity.

"Where were you, anyway?"

You confessed to home.

"And you didn't feel that quake?"

"No."

"Why, it shook our house and rattled all the dishes in the pantry—didn't you hear the dishes rattling in your pantry?"

You had to admit that if your dishes rattled you failed to detect it. And Henry Jones went away looking as if he felt sure the fault lay with you and not your dishes.

Yes, decidedly. Nature needs a press agent.

Washington Youngsters Ablaze With Patriotism

WASHINGTON has its patriotic boys and girls. Because a war requires the activities of grown men and women we are apt to forget all about our boys and girls, and how their young hearts bubble over with a real, although undeveloped, patriotism.

Their patriotism may appear superficial sometimes, and perhaps it is only a reflex of what they have heard their elders say, but it is real, tremendously real, nevertheless.

I know a little boy, so small you feel that you could pick him up and put him in your pocket with ease. But, as small as he is, his little brain is concentrated on the war. He is always thinking about it.

He doesn't think of it in terms of men and guns, or ships and aircraft. He doesn't talk of this and that battlefield. He indulges in no speculation. Here is a sample of what he thinks and says:

His mother was talking to another member of the family concerning an article of food which she was cooking.

"And do you know," she said, "it was red hot—"

"Mother," chimed in the little boy.

"Yes, dear?" said his mother.

"You mustn't say 'red hot,' mother," he replied. "You must say Red Cross."

Even when he goes to bed he carries the war with him, evidently. He takes with him, too, the phrases he has heard during the day. Strangely, with his baby wits, he turns them into telling phrases, more potent than he realizes. "You must go to bed now," his mother said to him one night. "It is time for you to go to sleep."

He looked solemnly at his mother with sleepless eyes.

"I won't go to sleep till it's over over there," he said.

Illustrating Anew the Magic Power of Memory

SHE had dodged Father Time in the same fashion that a here-and-there clover top escapes the farmer man's scythe. And she was standing before a millinery window with the jolly youngish woman who had her in charge.

"I used to wear a camella like that in my hair to every ball I went to—on the left side, below the ear. All thought it most becoming. Your Aunt Eliza wore flowers to match the colors of her ball dress, but I never appeared in anything but flounced white tarlatan, with a camella in my hair—on the left side, below the ear. Your grandfather thought it most becoming. All said we were an extremely handsome young pair—your Aunt Eliza considered her figure more elegant than mine, but it was not the popular opinion. The night I accepted your grandfather—my eleventh proposal to your Aunt Eliza's third—I wore a white camella like that in my hair—on the left side, below the ear. All thought us an extremely handsome young pair."

"I bet you were a peach, Grammah, and if it wasn't for the looks of the thing I'd shake you right here in the street for not handing down your good looks to the best grandchild you've got to your name—come along now, dear; there's a whole lot more to see."

Isn't memory a jollifier? Except when she's a scourge.

Just One of Those Who Heard the Country's Call

IF YOU shut your eyes and keep on for three squares you will come to a shop. You can't miss it, because outside the window there is a sign on which some amateur has gone into art paroxysms over shoes that no foot on earth could wear and angels wouldn't want to—

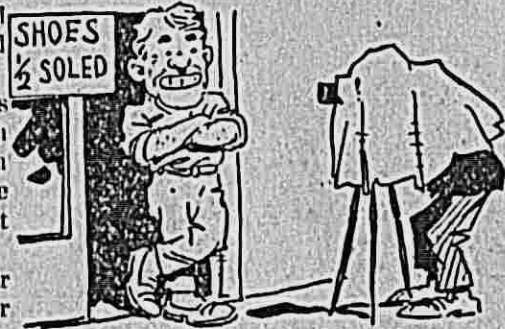
and above the door is lettered a grand opera name that only genius could spell.

Casually glimpsed, the shop stands for a very small public with which some venturesome David is fighting a big, strange-tongued Goliath whom he calls the New World—but you can't always depend on glimpses.

If you had seen David, the other day, say, standing in his open door with one foot resting over the other as if it didn't have to work and wouldn't, with his shirt-sleeved arms folded in the official attitude of one who has downed his foe, and in his midnight eyes a something that would have been a smirk except that it was honest pride—you would have known right there that Goliath was as dead as the stoned cat in the alley—that's the time you should have come across young David!

There was a reason, of course. A photographer on the pavement was taking a postcard snap for the folks back in Italy, where the crossed feet and folded arms with smile attached will mean success, and where, through the alchemy of affection, the youngster's desire to show off will be interpreted into loyalty and memory and love.

P. S.—All that was until a month ago. Now the signs are gone and the door is locked and the dust has made brown ridges on the shutters. You cannot be contented to sit at a bench and peg and sew and sing "Santa Lucia" when you have a country to fight for.



Necessary Expenditure.
"I say, Brown, can't you manage to pay me that ten dollars you owe me? I need the money."
"Awfully sorry, old man, but I can't do it."
"I notice you manage to go to the theater two or three times a week, though."

"That's just it. The thought that I owe you money is worrying me so that I have to do something to help me forget it."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One Little Pellet for a laxative, three for a cathartic. Ad.

Very True.

"I adore children, excepting when they cry."

"Why, that's the time when I'm fond of them."

"Indeed? Why?"

"Because then they are always removed from the room."

Kill the Flies Now and Prevent disease. A DAISY FLY KILLER will do it. Kills thousands. Last all season. All dealers, or by express, prepaid for \$1. H. BOMERS, 180 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Adv.

Learned by Examinations.

Of 1,700 men, women and children recently subjected to physical examinations in Framingham, Mass., 82 per cent were found to be suffering from some form of disease.

The Easy Way.

She—"How have you been economizing?" He—"Used last year's resolutions over again."

Don't Worry About Pimples.

On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off the Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail, Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

Awaiting a Delegation.
"Do you know that your daughter is engaged?" "I know it, of course, but as yet I haven't been officially notified."

Well Matched.

Edith—They are an ideal couple. Edward—Indeed.

Edith—Yes. He has ambition and she has wealth.

POWDER IN SHOES AS WELL AS GUNS

Foot-Ease to Be Added to Equipment of Hospital Corps

At Fort Wayne

Under the above heading the Detroit Free Press, among other things says: "The theory is that soldiers whose feet are in good condition can walk further and faster than soldiers who have corns and bunions in their shoes."

The Pittsburgh Camp Manual advises men in training to shake Foot-Ease in their shoes each morning.

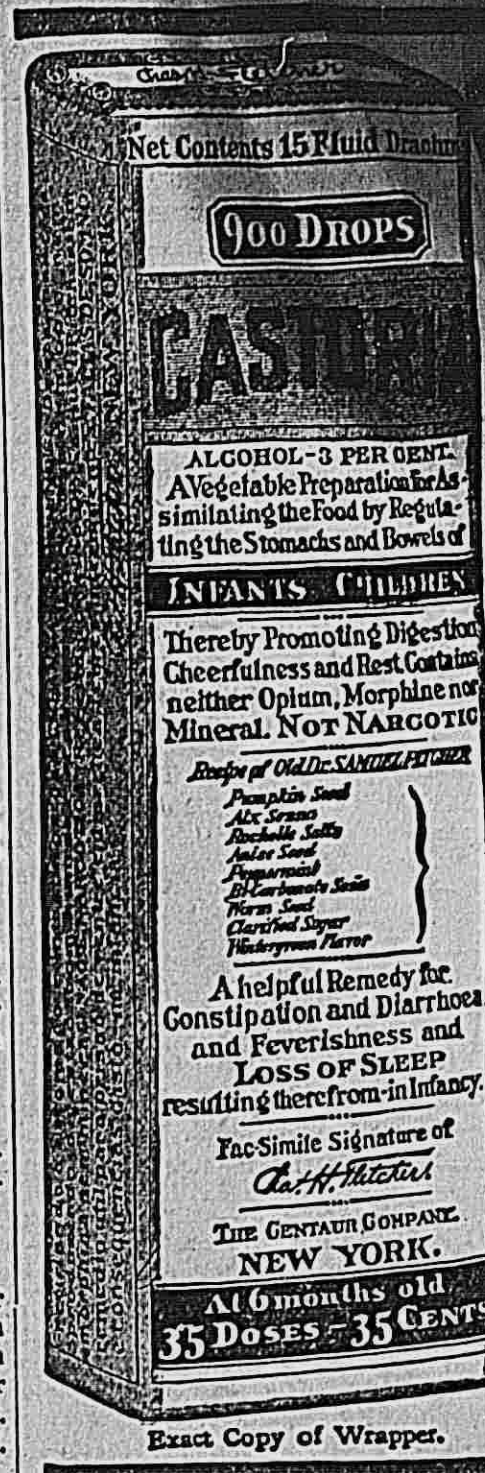
One war relief committee reports, of all the things sent out in their Comfort Bags or "Kits," Allen's Foot-Ease received the most praise from the soldiers and men of the navy. It is used by American, French and British troops, because it takes the friction from the shoe and freshens the feet. There is no foot comforter equal to Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic, healing powder to be shaken into the shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath, the standard remedy for over 25 years for hot, tired, aching, perspiring, smarting, swollen, tender feet, corns, bunions, blisters or callouses.

Why not order a dozen or more 25c boxes to-day from your Druggist or Dept. store to mail to your friends in training camp and in the army and navy.

Earned His Respect.

"I have great respect for that woman's judgment." "Why so, Flubdub?" "She refused to marry me once."

It was an Irish philosopher who said that a man always appreciates what he has when he no longer has it.



Mo. Genuine Always Bears the Signature of J. H. HITCHCOCK In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA



STRANGLES

Or Distemper in stallions, brood mares, colts and all others is most destructive. The germ causing the disease must be removed from the body of the animal. To prevent the trouble the same must be done.

SPOHN'S COMPOUND

Will do both—cure the sick and prevent those "exposed" from having the disease, 50 cents and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$10 the dozen. All druggists, harness houses, or manufacturers. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Manufacturers, Goshen, Ind., U.S.A.

U.S. Marine Band Leader Endorses Great Stomach Relief



Tells How EATONIC Makes Sick Stomach Well

If you suffer from stomach trouble, read below and learn what Wm. A. Santelmann, Capt. of U. S. Navy and Leader of the World Famous U. S. Marine Band, says about the wonderful stomach relief. The splendid results this noted band leader secured from the use of EATONIC should be your guide, and you should start using EATONIC today.

Eatonic Remedy Co., Chicago, Ill. Washington, D. C. Gentlemen—EATONIC is an invaluable remedy for dyspepsia and indigestion. I have used it with excellent results. Very truly yours, Wm. A. Santelmann Capt. U. S. Navy and Leader Marine Band.

At All Drug-gists

EATONIC

FOR YOUR STOMACH'S SAKE

Quickly Removes All Stomach Misery—Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Flatulence, Heartburn, Sour, Acid and Gassy Stomach

Here's the secret: EATONIC Drives the Gas out of the body—and the Bloat Goes With It! Guaranteed to bring relief or money back. Get a box today. Costs only a cent or two a day to use it.

If you want quick relief, you should get the guaranteed full treatment from your druggist today. If you would rather try EATONIC first, we will gladly send you a box with full directions, as we surely want every reader to know of the wonderful curative power of EATONIC. Your name and address on a postal card will bring you a trial box free with full directions for use by return mail. Address E. L. Kramer, President, Eatonic Remedy Company, 1022 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Trial of Eatonic Free

ATTENTION! Sick Women

To do your duty during these trying times your health should be your first consideration. These two women tell how they found health.

Hellam, Pa.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for female troubles and a displacement. I felt all run down and was very weak. I had been treated by a physician without results, so decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial, and felt better right away. I am keeping house since last April and doing all my housework, where before I was unable to do any work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is certainly the best medicine a woman can take when in this condition. I give you permission to publish this letter."—Mrs. E. R. CRUICKSHANK, R. No. 1, Hellam, Pa.

Lowell, Mich.—"I suffered from cramps and dragging down pains, was irregular and had female weakness and displacement. I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which gave me relief at once and restored my health." I should like to recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies to all suffering women who are troubled in a similar way."—Mrs. ELISE HEIM, R. No. 6, Box 83, Lowell, Mich.

Why Not Try

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.



To drive a tank, handle the guns, and sweep over the enemy trenches, takes strong nerves, good rich blood, a good stomach, liver and kidneys. When the time comes, the man with red blood in his veins "is up and at it!" He has iron nerves for hardships—an interest in his work grips him. That's the way you feel when you have taken a blood and nerve tonic, made up of Blood root, Golden Seal root, Stone root, Cherry bark, and rolled into a sugar-coated tablet and sold in sixty-cent vials by almost all druggists for past fifty years as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This tonic, in liquid or tablet form, is just what you need this spring to give you vim, vigor and vitality. At the far end of a hard winter, no wonder you feel "run-down," blue, out of sorts. Try this "Medical Discovery" of Dr. Pierce's. Don't wait! To-day is the day to begin! A little "pep," and you laugh and live.

The best means to oil the machinery of the body, put tone into the liver, kidneys and circulatory system, is to first practice a good house-cleaning. I know of nothing better as a laxative than a vegetable pill made up of May-apple, leaves of aloe and jalap. This is commonly sold by all druggists as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, and should be taken at least once a week to clear the twenty-five feet of intestines. You will thus clean the system—expel the poisons and keep well. Now is the time to clean house. Give yourself a spring house cleaning.—Adv.

Why Women Suffer

BECAUSE you are a woman there is no need to suffer pain and annoyance which interfere with work, comfort and pleasure. When you suffer again try Piso's Tablets—a valuable, healing local application with astringent and tonic effects. The name, Piso established over 50 years guarantees fair treatment. Money refunded if not satisfied. If you would be rid of Backaches, Headaches, Nervousness, Weariness as symptoms of the condition—a trial will convince.

PISO'S TABLETS
Sold Everywhere 50 Cents
Sample Mailed Free—address postcard
THE PISO COMPANY
400 Piso Bldg., Warren, Pa.

PATENTS

Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C. Advice and books free. Cases reasonable. Illust. references. Best service.

Good advice is a thing of value, but we want men who know how to work and who will do the work, too.

\$100 Reward, \$100

Catarh is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. It therefore requires constitutional treatment. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE destroys the foundation of the disease, gives the patient strength by improving the general health and assists nature in doing its work. \$100.00 for any case of Catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE fails to cure. Druggists 75c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Proposed Seaplane Service.

The well-known Swedish airman, Captain Dahlbeck, recently proposed a scheme to the Swedish government for the establishment of a seaplane service between Sweden and England. The idea is that the seaplane shall start and alight at the mouth of the Gulf of Finland. The seaplanes will carry both passengers and mail. The journey from Stockholm to Finland via Haparand now takes three days and three nights. By means of seaplanes it will be possible for the journey to be covered in a few hours.

You Might Try This.

"You managed to wake up earlier this morning."
"Yes I've just bought a parrot."
"Instead of an alarm clock?"
"I had had an alarm clock, but I got it. I didn't pay any attention to it. Now I hang the parrot's cage in my room and put the alarm clock under. When the alarm goes off it starts the parrot, and what that bird would wake anybody up."

America is Saving.

That a American war savings drive is already running ahead of the English campaign, in volume of weekly treasury receipts, is shown by comparative figures made public by the national savings committee.

Natural headaches are not in it with the acute kind.

Bobby
SYS-



To get best of all Corros. order

POSTASTIES
Sweet, Ready-To-Eat

NEWS

LAKE VILLA

Miss Belle Richards is improving from her recent illness.

Mrs. Ola Barnstable spent Sunday with her sister in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Sherwood Waukegan visitors Thursday.

Mrs. Bob Mill, Sr., entertained mother from Chicago last week.

F. Sherwood spent from Sunday in the city on his last day.

Floyd Culver, who is recovering from his recent illness, called on Miller Sunday.

Mrs. Miller and Mr. and Mrs. McKenzies of Burlington Rockford friends.

Mr. and Mrs. and Eleanor, who are solicitors for relatives Sunday. They will call.

Are you? The Red Cross will hold another of its sales at Manzer's.

The May 11.

its post office is under the store, and is not as well as would wish.

ph. Sherwood is in a Chicago or an operation which we hope very successful.

and Mrs. Frank Sheehan have possession of a cottage on the bank of Cedar Lake for the summer.

Keep in mind the services of the dedication of the service flag at the church this week Friday evening. A splendid program, no admission charged and all are invited.

Mrs. Snyder and daughters joined Mr. Snyder in Evanston last Thursday and attended a Billy Sunday meeting in the evening. They returned home with Mr. Snyder Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Wald spent Tuesday in Chicago and attended a Billy Sunday meeting. The local Red Cross auxiliary wishes to acknowledge a ten dollar gift from the Royal Neighbors.

MILLBURN

E. A. Martin spent Sunday in Chicago.

Helen Caddock will go the rest of the term to the Lake Villa school.

Jesse Denman, Sr., has gone to live with his daughter at Highland Park.

C. E. Denman and family called at E. Denman's at Libertyville Thursday.

The Hockaday school closes May 10. Miss McLin will go to Chicago for a while.

Bell Hughes of Antioch spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. V. H. Strang.

Mrs. J. Chope has returned home from a Chicago hospital and is getting along fine.

Lyburn Stewart of Chicago spent the week end with his father, A. H. Stewart. Alice Stewart having spent a week's vacation with her grandfather, returned home with her father.

HICKORY

A. T. Savage and family spent Sunday at J. Crawford's.

Mrs. Jeanette Wells and Mrs. Curtis Wells spent Saturday in Waukegan.

O. L. Hollenbeck and wife attended the funeral at Rosecrans Sunday afternoon.

Bert Edwards was elected school director Saturday evening, taking D. W. Pullen's place, who held the office twelve years.

The Hickory Cemetery society will meet at the church Thursday afternoon, May 16. Supper will be served by Mrs. Curtis Wells and Mrs. A. T. Savage. Everyone invited.

Sweet Odors Always Popular.

From the very earliest ages man has loved sweet odors. In the Bible we read of the burning of incense on the altars and the very word perfumery (under which head we may include all delicate fumes or smells) comes from the Latin fumus, smoke or vapor. The early Egyptians knew the use of the still, and adapted it to the separation of the odorous principle from fragrant plants, but the most ancient odors were drawn from natural gums, such as camphor, myrrh and cinnamon.

Composition of the Ark.

The first ship built of which we have any description is Noah's ark. Assuming a cubit to be 18 inches, the ark was 450 feet in length, 75 feet in beam and 45 feet in depth. It was built of gopher wood, or of cypress which, like cedar, is suited for purposes of a ship under water.

WILMOT

Mrs. Blenie spent Monday in Kenosha.

Wm. Harm has been ill with rheumatism for several weeks.

Harry Spear and son Vance drove over from Sharon Sunday.

Mrs. Sam Orvis is critically ill at the present writing with pneumonia.

Mrs. A. Hanke of Antioch spent Monday at the George Dean home.

Mrs. Fred Madden went to Kenosha Monday to visit Mrs. Tom Madden.

Misses Norah and Katherine McGuire and Wm. McGuire returned to Chicago Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Lester of Oak Park were Sunday guests at the R. C. Shottliff home.

Mr. and Mrs. Meyers and Mr. Sutcliffe of Kenosha spent the week-end at F. Beck's.

W. Carey and W. Kruckman and family of Burlington were in Kenosha on business Tuesday.

Misses Lucy and Marie Buckley returned to their home in Chicago the latter part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry of Zion City spent Saturday night and Sunday as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Bufton.

F. Beck cut his hand severely one day last week, necessitating the taking of four stitches in the wound.

Gene Dobyns returned to his home in Antioch Sunday after spending the past month at the home of his grandparents here.

Mrs. Ernest Peacock is recovering nicely from her recent serious illness and is now able to sit up a short time each day.

Frank Burroughs and August Holdorf are working near Bristol on the state road being improved at that place.

Rev. J. J. J. and family, Mrs. Faulkner, Mrs. A. Holdorf and Mrs. E. Pelletier motored to Burlington on Saturday.

John Carey, wife and daughter Agnes of McHenry and Miss Vera Bulger of Woodstock spent Sunday at the W. Carey home.

Mrs. Tom Madden was able to be removed from St. Catherine's hospital in Kenosha on Wednesday to the home of her son Frank Madden.

Fred Hanneman, who has been attending Waukegan Normal, is completing the school year as a substitute teacher in the Peoria, Ill., schools.

Fred Volbrecht and family spent Sunday at Louis Volbrecht's in Antioch.

Mr. Volbrecht has been ill of late and entered a Chicago hospital the first of this week.

The services at the Holy Name church Sunday night were largely attended.

Rev. Schweizer of Brighton, Father Henrietta of Kenosha and Father Burg of Racine assisted the pastor, Father Brasky.

N. Drom has been transferred from Camp Houston to an eastern camp.

Howard Peacock and Lawrence Newberry have been allowed thirty days leave of absence from Camp Custer to assist their home people with the spring farm work.

Salem Township sold \$32,100 of the third bond issue and with the bonds bought by residents outside of the town will easily cover the quota of \$39,000.

Wilmot is accredited with \$4000 sold by the committee of ladies.

Fishing has been remarkably good in the river the past week and Sunday there was not an available spot along the banks that was not lined with anglers. Many people from Kenosha drove out for the day. Several launches were up from Grass Lake during the week.

Charles Rudolph Sr., died at his late home Saturday night, May 4, of a general break down due to old age. The funeral services were held at the house Tuesday at one o'clock with interment at the Antioch cemetery. Mr. Rudolph leaves a wife and four children, Frank, Mrs. Mattern, Charles and Albert to mourn his loss.

The home talent play "The American Flag" will be given at the Wilmot opera house the nights of May 10th and 11th. The entire cast have worked tirelessly to make this affair a success and deserve crowded houses. The funds will be presented to the local Red Cross branch.

Dr. Murphy, Roy Richter, Arthur Holdorf, Lynne Sherman, Ermine Carey, Fannie Bruel, Mrs. James Carey, and Russell Bruel comprise the members of the cast. Miss Faber has directed the play and Mrs. Murphy the music.

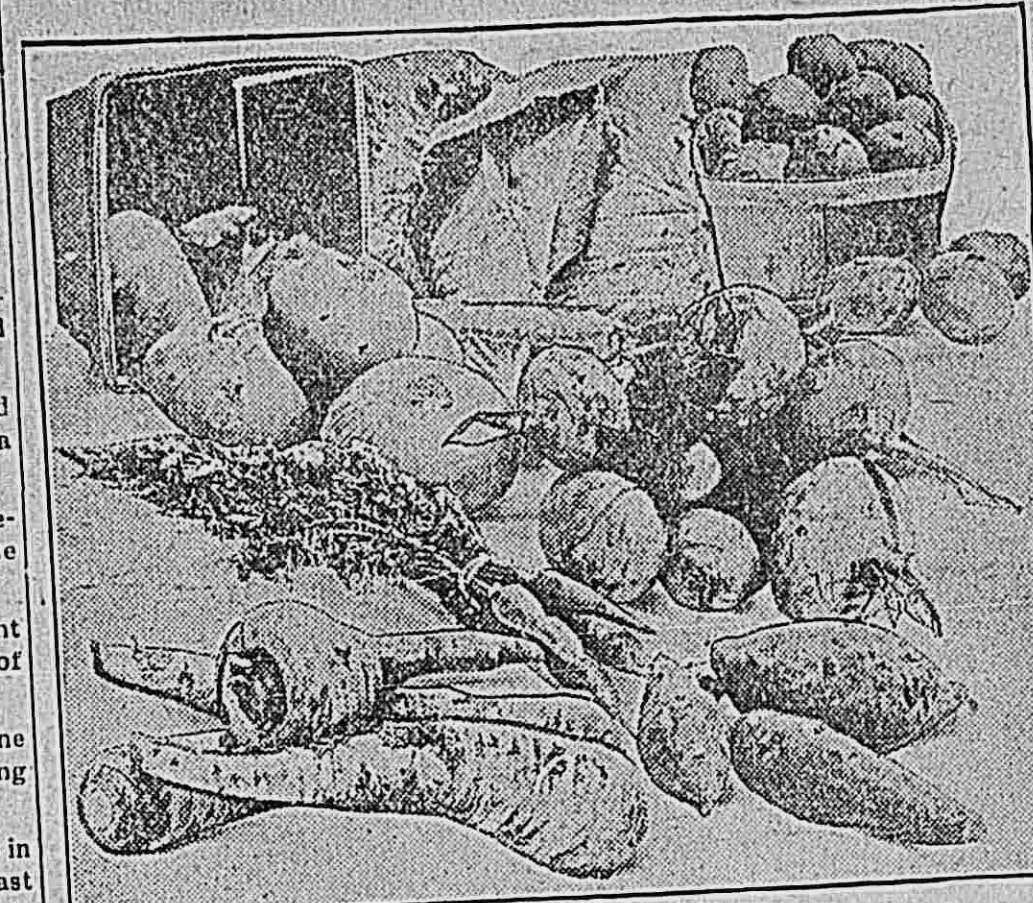
Clarence Wright will have a trombone solo and Arthur Buckley vocal solos. Those two numbers alone will be well worth the price of admission. Reserved tickets may be secured for 35 cents at Frank Kruckman's.

Coconut Butter.

European factories each week make about 10,000,000 pounds of artificial butter with coconut oil as a base.



HOW TO TELL WHEN VEGETABLES ARE READY FOR USE ON TABLE



Vegetables Like These, Grown in the Summer and Stored Until Needed, Vary Winter Diet.

Such vegetables as leaf lettuce, kale, spinach, parsley, chard, turnip, mustard, and any other used as a green or salad may be gathered as soon as large enough to pay for the gathering.

It is an excellent plan to make a practice of thinning these crops and using the plants removed as greens or for other purposes. Chard must be used while young as it soon passes its best stage.

Kale should be used while relatively young, as when young it is of much better quality than when allowed to become large. It is a far better plan to make frequent successive plantings of the foliage crops so as to have a supply of tender, succulent greens or salad material continually available.

Globe artichokes are ready for use as soon as the bur is formed and must be gathered before the blossoms appear. The bur is the bud of the flower and is used in the same way as turnips or kohlrabi.

Jerusalem artichokes are used in the same way as potatoes. They are ready for use in the autumn and may remain in the ground until needed.

Asparagus is ready for use as soon as the young shoots are three or four inches long. If allowed to grow too long the shoots will become tough and woody.

Beans (snap) are ready for use as soon as the bean is about half formed. In the stringless varieties the pods may be allowed to remain on the plant a little longer than the other sorts, but in every case they should be gathered while young and tender.

Lima beans should be gathered as soon as the pods are well filled out, but before the pods begin to turn yellow. They should be gathered while the beans themselves still have a fresh, green appearance.

After the beans become white they are past their prime.

Beets should be used while young and tender. The beets may be thinned as soon as they are two or three inches tall and the ones that are removed can be used in greens. The entire crop should be used before they are more than two inches in diameter.

Successful plantings at intervals of two weeks are advisable so that a supply of tender beets will always be available.

Brussels sprouts are ready for use as soon as the heads are well formed and begin to crowd each other.

Cabbage is ready for use as soon as the heads are well formed and well blanched in the interior.

Chinese cabbage is ready for use as soon as well blanched.

Carrots may be used as soon as they reach a size to justify pulling them. Many gardeners follow the practice of thinning the carrots and using those removed as vegetables or in soups.

They may be grown as an all-season crop or as a late crop following something else. Size is not important, but very large ones are inclined to be tough and pithy.

Cauliflower is ready for use as soon as the bleached heads are well filled out with the masses of globular material which if allowed to develop would form seed. It is important that it be cut before the heads become old.

Celery is ready for use as soon as it reaches a good size and is blanched. It may be used green for stews, soups, etc.

Collards may be used as soon as the rosette of leaves which forms the head is developed and blanched.

Sweet corn should not be pulled until the ears are well filled out. This is about the time the silk begins to die.

When the milk becomes doughy the corn is too old for table use.

Cucumbers are ready for use whenever large enough, and before they have begun to turn yellow.

Eggplants may be used at any time after the fruit is large enough to justify picking. It should not be allowed to remain on the bushes too long or decay will set in.

Proof of World's Great Age.
When we come to prehistoric man, Assyria is as yesterday. Discoveries made of skulls in various parts of Europe show that a low class of primitive man lived upon earth at least 250,000 years ago, and for 25,000 years a high type of man inhabited what is now central France.

Better Than an Alarm Clock.
Exe—"Why not have Bridget shut the kitchen door mornings? One can smell the breakfast all over the house." Mrs. Exe—"Shut the kitchen door? I guess not. The smell is that gets the family up."—Bo Evening Transcript.

Sequoia Lodge No. 827 A.F. & A.M.
Holds regular communications the first and third Wednesday evenings of every month. Visiting Brothers always welcome.
FRANK HUBER, Secy. P. O. HAWKINS, W. M.
The Eastern Star meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month.
JULIA ROSENFELDT, W. M.
IDA OSBORN, Secy

T. N. DONNELLY & CO.
Loan and Diamond Broker
Diamonds, watches and all kinds of jewelry at less than cost. At half the price you pay for it elsewhere.
24 North Dearborn St. Chicago.

For Electric
lighting, fixtures, motors, irons, ranges, washing machines and all other power and heating devices see
Cash or easy payment
P. D. SKILBECK,
Phone, 48-J Grays Lake
House wiring our specialty.

W. G. Bragg
Teacher of Violin
Associate teacher of Chas. K. Lindsay
Studio in Opera House Block
Reference
Dr. F. S. Morrell, Antioch

A. HADLOCK, Oph. M.
Optometrist
Eye Glasses Scientifically Fitted
At Keulman's Jewelry Store
Antioch, Ill.

LOTUS CAMP NO. 557 M. W. A.
Meets at 7:30 the first and third Monday evening of every month in the Woodmen hall, Antioch, Ill. Visiting Neighbors always welcome.
J. C. JAMES, Clerk. NORRIS PROCTOR, V. C.

L. G. STRANG
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